

MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

By several Hands.

PARTICULARLY,

- | | |
|---|--|
| I. Windsor-Forest, <i>with</i>
<i>the Messiah.</i> | VI. To Mr. JERVAS, with
FRESNOY'S Art of
Painting. |
| II. Essay on Criticism. | VII. To a young Lady,
with the Works of
VOITURE. |
| III. Rape of the Lock. | VIII. ELOISA to ABE-
LARD. |
| IV. Ode on St. CECILIA'S
Day. | |
| V. Verses to the Memo-
ry of a Lady. | |

By Mr. POPE.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N;

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT between the Temple-
Gates in Fleet-street, 1720.

TRANSLATIONS

Dr. General F. J. J. J.

of a lady.
to the Memo-
VIII. Engraving
with the Works
of
the book.
on Christian-
Meditation.
with V. John Jernak, with
PARTICULARS.

By Mr. P. O. P. E.

THE THIRD DIVISION.

; H O C V O I

Printed for Benjamin Lloyd between the Times
and the Standard.



WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myrica,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quàm sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG. Ecl. 6.





WINDSOR-FOREST

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN

THESE POEMS WERE WRITTEN BY THE
LORDS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN THE YEAR 1711

WINDSOR-FOREST





WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, *Windsor!* and thy green re-
treats,

At once the Monarch's and the Muse's feats,
Invite my lays. Be present sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring!
What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?

The groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales; the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again,

Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each others shades.
Here in full light the ruffet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend:
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.
Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.

See

Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
 But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.
 Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The † fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And wolves with howling fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannick where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
 And treats alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd; and bloody *Dane*,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

† Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William I.

Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,

At once the chaser and at once the prey.

Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,

Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.

Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries,

Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.

Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,

O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,

The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,

And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.

Liberty, *Britannia's* Goddess, rears

Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,

Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,

Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.

When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,

And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,

Before his Lord the ready spaniel bounds,

Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,

But when the tainted gales the game betray,

Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;

* *William Rufus, second son of William the Conqueror.*

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When *Albion* sends her eager sons to war,
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,
 The captive race, one instant makes our price;
 And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny;
 To plains with well-bred beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
 (Beasts taught by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaughter ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

Where

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.
 Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous plovers feel the leaden death:
 Oft', as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
 The silver eel in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus'* fiery car;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rowze the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.

Th'im-

Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And e're he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train,
Nor envy, *Windsor*! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.
Here, as old bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,
Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buckin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, *Thames*! the fair *Lodona* nam'd,
(*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone:

She

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
(His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun)
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father *Thames* she calls for aid,
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah *Cynthia*! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,

" Let

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,

" My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore,

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves.

Oft' in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,

And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,

And floating forests paint the waves with green.

Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,

Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!

With joyful pride survey our lofty woods;

Where tow'ring oaks their spreading honours rear,

And future navies on thy banks appear.

* *The River Loddon.*

Not *Neptune's* self from all his floods receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so full no streams appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poet's lays,
While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below:
Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by beauty still,
Might change *Olympus* for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,

His sov'reign favours, and his countrey loves;

Happy next him who to these shades retires,

Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

Succesive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant phyfick spoils the fields:

With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,

And draws the aromattick souls of flow'rs.

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye:

Of

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end.
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 Of bowry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To *Thames's* banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* hill.
 (On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 And hear soft musick dye along the grove;
 Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made:

Here

Here his first lays majestick *Denham* sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from **Cowley's* tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades where *Cowley* sung
 His living harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make *Windsor*-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing these honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

* *Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the forest, and was from thence convey'd to Westminster.*

Here noble * *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.
 Oh would'st thou sing what heroes *Windsor* bore,
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With † *Edward's* acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw Monarchs chain'd, and *Cress's* glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield.
 Then, from her roofs when *Verrio's* colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall;
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd *France* appear,
 And bleed for ever under *Britain's* spear.

* Henry Howard E. of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English Poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

† Edward III. born here.

Let softer strains ill-fated * *Henry* mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd † *Edward* sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,
 From old *Belerium* to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone,)
 Oh fast accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,
 Heav'n's what new wounds! and how her old have
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, [bled?
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire.

A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great *Anna* said—Let discord cease!
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
 Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head;
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

* *Henry VI.*† *Edward IV.*

Grav'd

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the moon that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tydes;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 That swell with tributary urns his flood.
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding *Isis* and the fruitful *Tame*;
 The *Kennet* swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave;
 And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue transparent *Vandalis* appears;
 The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy tresses rears:
 And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)-
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where *Windfor*-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred peace! hail long-expected days,
 That *Thames's* glory to the stars shall raise!

Tho'

Tho' *Tyber's* streams immortal *Rome* behold;
Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with tydes of gold;
From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the *Muse's* themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let *Volga's* banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the *Rhine*;
Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with *British* blood
Red *Iber's* sands, or *Ister's* foaming flood;
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace,
The trumpets sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending *Villa's* on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde:
Behold! *Augusta's* glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend!

There

There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.

Thy trees, fair *Windfor*! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And *Phæbus* warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
Whose

Whose naked youth and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more:
 Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and wooe their fable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous discord dwell:
 Gigantick pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
 And mad ambition, shall attend her there.
 There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There faction roars, rebellion bites her chain,
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of *Albion's* golden days.
 The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

B

Where

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing,
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sang the sylvan strains.



MESSIAH.



MESSIAH.

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the song;
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains be-
long.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Æonian* maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From ^a Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.
 Th' ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystick dove.
 Ye ^b heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty ^e Lebanon his head advance, O T
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
 Prepare! the way to a God, a God appears;

^a Isaiah, cap. xi. v. 1.

^b Cap. xlv. v. 8.

^c Cap. xxx. v. 4.

^d Cap. ix. v. 7.

^e Cap. xlv. v. 2.

^f Cap. xlv. v. 2.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
Is he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamant'ne chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

^a Cap. xlii. v. 18. Cap. xxxv. v. 5, 6. ^b Cap. xiv. v. 8.

^c Cap. xl. v. 11.

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd ^k father of the future age.
 No more shall ^l nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ^m son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ⁿ deserts with surprize
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ing in his ear:
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ^o vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry firr and shapely box adorn;

^k Cap. ix. v. 6.

^l Cap. ii. v. 4.

^m Cap. lxxv. v. 21, 22.

ⁿ Cap. xxxv. v. 1, 7.

^o Cap. xli. v. 19. and Cap. lv. v. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey, [play.
 And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial [†] *Salem* rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long [‡] race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous [†] nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
 And heap'd with products of [‡] *Sabea* springs!
 For thee *Idume*'s spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in *Ophyr*'s mountains glow.

^p Cap. xi. v. 6, 7, 8.

^q Cap. lxxv. v. 25.

^r Cap. lx. v. 1.

^s Cap. lx. v. 4.

^t Cap. lx. v. 3.

^u Cap. lx. v. 6.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising ^w sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: The light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The ^x seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

Cap. lx. ⁷. 19, 20. ^x Cap. li. ⁷. 6. and Cap. liv. ⁷. 10.





A N
E S S A Y
O N
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year 1709.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

HORAT.



[illegible]

15

Y A S S E

20

CRITICISM.

March 10, 1900.

11



ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' of-
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense. [fence
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critick's share;
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let * such teach others who themselves excell,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most † have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools,
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence:

* *Qui scribit artificiosè, ab aliis commodè scripta facillè intelligere poterit.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.

† *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullà arte, aut ratione, qua sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
 But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.
 All such have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side:
 If *Marius* scribble in *Apollo's* spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile*;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure your self and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains:
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we loose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more.
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fount each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides.
 In some fair body thus the secret soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
 There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it;
 For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife;
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd:
 Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
 Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights!
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just * precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.

* Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta invenirentur,
 sed dicta sunt omnia antequam preciparentur, mox ea scriptores obser-
 vata, et collecta ediderunt. Quintil.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world, with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid,
Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These lost the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain'd the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
Know well each ancient's proper character; [steer,
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;

Without

Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize;
 Be *Homer's* works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night,
 Thence form your judgment, thence your notions
 And trace the muses upward to their spring. [bring,
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the *Mantuan* muse.

* When first young *Maro* sung of Kings and wars,
 E're warning *Phœbus* touch'd his trembling ears,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and *Homer* were, he found, the same:
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd works confine,
 As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line:
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care,

* Virgil, Eclog. 8. *Cum canerem Reges & prælia, Cynthia aurem
 Vellit*

Music resembles poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master hand alone can reach.
 If, † where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
 Thus *Regulus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.

† *Neque tam sancta sunt ista praecepta, sed hoc quicquid est, utilitati excogitavit: non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque: verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc relinquit magistorum avaritiis, sequemur. Quintil. lib. 2. cap. 13.*

And tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft' are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-devouring age.

See,

See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring:
 Hear, in all tongues consenting *Paeans* ring!
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind!
 Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride,

Pride, where wit fails; steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense;
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;
 Trust not your self; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

* A perfect

* A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ,
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find;
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lost, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit:
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet honour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and even thine O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize;
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appears;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pars ad scribendi sollicitudinem:
 Nec per partes modo formanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique
 ex integro resumendus.* Quintil.

Whoever

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part,
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's* Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encountering on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could *Dennis*, of the laws o' th' stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fops and fools,
 That durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combate in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combate out?" exclaims the
Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*. [knight;

"Not so by heav'n" (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and freeds, must enter on the stage."

The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,

Form short ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True * wit is nature to advantage dress'd,

What off' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

* *Naturam intrinsecam, hanc sequamur; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. 2. c. 3.

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gawdy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;

For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.
 Some * by old words to fame have made pretence:
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense!
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile:
 Unlucky, as *Euphrosyne* in the play.
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentlemen were yesterday:
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

† But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;

* *Abolita & abrogata vetinere, insipientia cujusdam est, & frivola in parvis jactantia.* Quintil. lib. 1. c. 6.

Opus est ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quoniam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erant maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem.

† Ben Johnson's every man in his humour.

† *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carminis molli Nunc demum numerata fluere, ut per late severos Effugit junctura unguis: scit tendere versum; Non secus ac si dulo rubricam dirigat uno.* Persius, Sat. 1.

In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' * off the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words off creep in one dull line;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
 Where-e'er you find the cooling western breeze,
 In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees;
 If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with sleep.
 Then, at the last, an only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;

* *Eugemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ab Herenn. lib. 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.*

And praise the easy vigor of a line,
 Where *Denham's* strength, and *Waller's* sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar,
 When *Ajax* strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how * *Timotheus*' various lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of *Lybian Jove*
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound;

* *Alexander's feast, or the power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden,*

The pow'r of music all our hearts allow;
And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the *French* writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
(Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days)

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality,
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or meagre poet;
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft' the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say,
 And still to morrow's wiser than to day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once school-divines this zealous life o'erspread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read;
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists, and *Thomists*, now, in peace remain
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in *Dutch-lane*.
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
 Off, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves our ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing these of their own side, or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise our selves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And publick faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return and bless once more our eyes;
 New *Blackmores* and new *Milbourns* must arise:
 Nay should great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true.
 For envy'd wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays.
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ey'n that can boast:
 Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live;
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies:
 What is this wit which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;

Still most our trouble when the most admir'd,
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
 The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease;
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
 Ah! let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Tho' triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach *Parnassus*' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools.
 But still the worst with most regret commend;
 For each ill author is as bad a friend:
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost!
 Good nature and good sense must ever join;
 To err is humane, to forgive, divine.

But:

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and low disdain,
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When Love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war.
 Jills rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
 The Fair fate panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a maid went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins knif'd at what they blush'd before—
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold *Sotinus* drain;
 Then first the *Belgian* morals were extoll'd;
 We their religion had, and they our gold:
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;

Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute;
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's *Titans* brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies—
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine:
That not alone what to your judgment's due,
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always so:
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make, each day, a critic on the last.

'Tis

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot,
Without good breeding, truth is dis-approv'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust;
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry!
Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satyrs,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis

Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain.
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From *Dryden's* fables down to *D—y's* tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not writ his own *Dispensary*.

Name:

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
 Nay show'd his faults—but when wou'd poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is *Paul's* church more safe than *Paul's* church-yard:
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks;
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out resistless with a thund'ring tyde!

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favor, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and humankind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such

Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and *Rome* in better ages knew.
 The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the *Maonian* star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
 Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness tho' he sung with fire,
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our critics take a contrary extream,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phle'me:
 Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See * *Dionysius* *Homer's* thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave *Quintilian's* copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold *Longinus*! all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence; yet is always just;

Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

Learning and *Rome* alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew.

From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom.
And the same age saw learning fall, and *Rome*.

* *Dionysius of Halicarnassus.*

With

With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was contriv'd to be good.
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the *Stanks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length *Erasmus*, that great, injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy *Vandals* off the stage.

But see! each muse, in *Leo's* golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
 Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive,
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live!
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A *Raphael* painted, and a * *Vida* sung!
 Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!

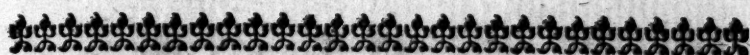
* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourish'd in the time of *Leo* the tenth.

But soon by impious arms from *Latium* chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses past;
 Thence arts, o'er all the northern world advance;
 But critic learning flourish'd most in *France*:
 The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys;
 And *Baileau* still in right of *Horace* sways.
 But we, brave *Britons*, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 Nature's * chief master-piece is writing well.
 Such was *Roscommon*——not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
 And ev'ry authors merit but his own.
 Such late was *Walsh*,——the muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

* *An essay on poetry by the duke of Buckingham.*

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give;
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

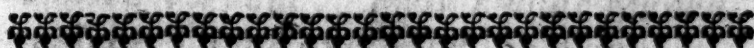




THE
RAPE of the LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

Written in the year 1712.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvant hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*
MARTIAL.



THE
KNIFE of the LOCK.

HEROIC-COMICAL

P O E M.

Written in the year 1712.

MARTIAL

T O

Mrs. Arabella Fermor.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The

EPITSTLE.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read

E P I S T L E.

read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always name with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

D

If

EPISTLE.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

A. Pope.

THE



RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cau-
ses springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial
things,

I sing——This verse to C——, Muse! is due:

This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,

If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel

A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle *Belle*?

Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Con'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then?

And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Set thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;

Now lapdogs give themselves the rowling shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,

Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest.

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed

The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.

A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,

(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,

And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!

If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,

Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,

The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by angel-powers,

With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs,

Behold

Behold

Hear

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky;
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring:
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mold;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of *Ombre*, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements the souls retire:

The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires;
 'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise celestials know,
 That *honour* is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd.
 Then

Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, *your grace* salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infants cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Of! when the world imagine women stray,
The *Sylphs* thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When *Florio* speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,
Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 E're to the main this morning sun descend.
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept
 too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then *Belinda*! if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride,
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder box.
The tortoise here, and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms:
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And *Betty's* prais'd for labours not her own.



THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' æthereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
 Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames,
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her throne,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
 Oft' she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if *Belles* had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind;
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck:
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd:
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud on force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er *Phœbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast *French* romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tydes,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the *Sylph*—with careful thoughts oppress'd:
Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers-breath,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.

Loose

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your chief give ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Gnomes*, *Elves*, and *Demon* hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
 By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest *Aether* play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Hover, and catch the shooting stars by night;
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others

Others on earth o'er humane race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the *British* throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair;
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care:
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
 To steal from rainbows e're they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelo.

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* law,
 Or some frail *China* jar receive a flaw,
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* must fall.

Haste

Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care;
The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
And *Mamentilla*, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of *Shock*.
To fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft' have we known that sey'nfold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale,
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his fins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfixt with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alom-flypticks with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or as *Ision* fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill.

In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froaths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.





THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flow'rs,
 Where *Thames* with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its name.
 Here *Britain's* statesmen oft' the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrant's, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great *Anna*! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;

One speaks the glory of the *British* queen,
 And one describes a charming *Indian* screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
 The merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toiler cease—

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:

First *Ariel* perch'd upon a matadore,

Then each, according to the rank they bore;

For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race,

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold,

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
 Let spades be trumps, she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of spades appears;
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd;
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel-knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *Pam* that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lo*,
 Sad chance of war now, destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade;

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride;
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread,
 That long behind he trails his pompons robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* fable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 In various habits, and of various dye,

The

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts;
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Codillo*,

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth: The king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply:

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of *Japan* they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;

From

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 And *China's* earth receives the smoking tyde.
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 While frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
 Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of *Scylla's* fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for *Nisus's* injur'd hair.
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find the instruments of ill!
 Just then *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 2.

From

He

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends;
 This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant streams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* fought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forsex* wide,
 T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
 (* But airy substance soon unites again)

* See Milton, lib. 6. of *Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael*.

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightnings from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich *Chine* vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six, the *British* fair,
As long as *Atalanis* shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

What time would spare, from steel receives its
date;
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of *Troy*;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should
 feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

R A P E of the L O C K.



THE
 As ever rally'd the fair race of light,
 Unbawled, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 And dark weeping from Elysia flow,
 For, list'ning moment, when the sylvan withdrew,
 As thou, the virgin! for thy ravish'd hair,
 Her fell lock rage, resentment and despair,
 Not Cynthia when her mantle's pin'd away,
 Not tyrant's force that unresisting die,
 Not ancient ladies when told a kiss,
 Not ardent lovers for all their bliss,
 Not scornful virgins, charms to give,
 Not youthful, I will live,
 B A D



THE

RAPÉ of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the peasive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful Kings in battel seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not *Cynthia* when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
 And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,

DOWN

Down to the central earth, his proper scene, A
Repairs to search the gloomy cave of *Splanagane*.

Swift on his sooty pinions fits the *Gnome*,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome,
No cheerful breeze this fallen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed
Pain at her side, and *Megrim* at her head,

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood *Ill-nature* like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with darts and spoons.

There *Affectation*, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt, sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elysian* scenes,
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
 A pipkin there like * *Homer's* Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd boudles, call aloud for borks:
 Safe past this *Grime* thro' this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r — Hail wayward
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen: [Queen!
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give all hysteric, or poetic fit,

* See *Hom. Illiad* 10. of *Vulcan's* walking Tripod.

On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pett, to pray.
 A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
 Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with chagrin;
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
 A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once *Ulysses* held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her gift away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day:
 Sunk in *Thales*' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal fire,
 And fierce *Thales* fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While *Hampton*'s echo's, wretched maid reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper-durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already

Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then, raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir *Plume*, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
 "Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But * by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head,

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;
 He breaks the viol whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears,
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;

* In allusion to Achilles's oath in *Homer*. *Il.* 1.

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Babea*!
 There kept my charms, conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to rome?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;

The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
 Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!

A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!

My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,

Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,

And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands;

And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.

Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize

Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO. V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But fate and *Jove* had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain *Thalestris* with reproach assails,
 For who can move, when fair *Belinda* fails?
 Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* could remain,
 While *Anna* begg'd, and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
 Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 [beaus;
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?

How

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
 Who would not scorn what hufwife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint:
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey,
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humour still what'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
 When ails, and flights, and forebears, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalesfris call'd her prude;
 To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes and heroins shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
 way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight,
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
 And scatters deaths around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

* *Homer*, *Il.* 260.

O cruel.

O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
 Cry'd *Dapperwin*, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir *Papling* upwards cast,
 * Those eyes are made for killing——was his last;
 Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry margin lies
 Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the mens wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die;
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

* A Song in the Opera of Camilla.

† Vid. Homer *Il.* 2. & Virg. *Æn.* 12.

The *Gnomes* direct to ev'ry atome just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (*The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in *Cupid's* flames, — but burn alive.

Restore the lock! she cries, and all around
 Restore the lock!! the vaulted roofs rebound.

* In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Il.* 2.

Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 * Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there:
 There hero's wits are kept in pondrous vases,
 And beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed aims are found,
 And lover's hearts with ends of riband bound;
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Gages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea;
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse — she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So *Remus*'s great founder to the heav'n's withdrew,
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view)

A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair:
 Not *Berenice's* locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'n's bespangling with dishevel'd light,
 The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This, the blest lover shall for *Venus* take,
 And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake:
 This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' *Galileo's* eyes:
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn the ravish'd
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere ^{Chair,}
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost:
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, your self shall die,
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This lock, the muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name!



ODE FOR MUSICK ON

St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

D Escend ye nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let

Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling the wild music floats;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs:
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melan-

Melancholy lifts her head;
 Morpheus rowzes from his bed;
 Sleath unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 Ev'n giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While *Argo* saw her kindred trees
 Descend from *Nelson* to the main:
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming *Phlegethon* surrounds,

Sad *Orpheus* sought his consort lost;
 Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
 And nought was seen, and nought was heard
 Around the dreary coast,
 But dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts.
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still;
Typhon rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncur'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' *Elysian* flow'rs,
 By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of *Asphodel*,

Or *Amaranthine* bow'rs:

By the hero's armed shades

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wandering in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore *Eurydice* to life;

Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented

To hear the Poet's pray'r;

Stern *Proserpine* relented,

And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail

O'er death and o'er hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious?

Tho' fate had fast bound her

With *Stryx* nine times round her,

Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:

Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
 Rolling in *Meanders*,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst *Rhodope's* snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! *Hemus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* cries—
 —Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
 VII.
 —Music the fiercest griefs can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine *Cecilia* found,
And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear!

Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.





VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the fourteenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to
bear,

Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.

The

The hook she bore, instead of *Cynthia's* spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from *Venus* and the nuptial joy;
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
 How oft' the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old *Silenus*, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, *Vertumnus* own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame,
 To gain her sight, a thousand forms he wears,
 And first a reaper from the field appears,
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.

Oft' o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;
 Oft' in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last *Verumnus* wears,
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
 Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God, in this decrepit form array'd,
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruits survey'd,
 And "happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 "Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 "As other gardens are excell'd by thine!
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)

Then

Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with Autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
He view'd their twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!

What nymph cou'd e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the *Centaurs* arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor *Helen's* fatal charms.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our *Alban* woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age, and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,

(Far more than e'er can by your self be guess)
 Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands *Vertumnus* never roves;
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives, and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms, that may *Pomona* please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures, are the same.
 To him your orchards early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you.)
 He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains:
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tastful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies:

You,

You, only you, can move the God's desire:
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispells the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.



VERSES

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the
moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yon-
der glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh everauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows!
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull-sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd in their own palace sleep.

From these, perhaps (e're nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And these love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'ral blacken all the way)
Lo these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the publick show?

What

What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!



TO

Mr. FERVAS,

WITH

FRESNOT's

Art of PAINTING,

Translated by Mr. Dryden.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou
refuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful muse,
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:

Read

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and *Dryden's* native fire:
 And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name,
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found our hearts unite,
 And each from each contract new strength and
 light.

How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away?
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art?
 How oft' review; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,
 Fir'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.

With thee, on *Raphael's* monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at *Maro's* urn:

With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
 A fading *Fresco* here demands a sigh:
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
 Match *Raphael's* grace, with thy lov'd *Guido's* air,
Carracci's strength, *Correggio's* softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and *Titian's* warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the * work of years!
 Yet still how faint by precept is express
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
 An angel's sweetness, or *Bridgewater's* eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:

* *Fresnoy employ'd above twenty years in finishing this poem.*

Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus *Churchill's* race shall other hearts surprize,
And other Beauties envy *Wortley's* eyes,
Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft *Belinda's* blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
New graces yearly, like thy works, display;
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;

With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie,
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
 Thou but preserv'st a form, and I a name.



Will

THE



TO A
YOUNG LADY,
WITH THE
WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces
shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair, and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred;
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful, he play'd the trifle, life, away,

Till death scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest:
 Ev'n rival wits did *Voiture's* fate deplore,
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes;
 The smiles and loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breath.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy,
 In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
 Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay farce appear,
 And more diverting still than regular,
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace;
 No matter for the rules of time and place.
 Criticks in wit, or life, are hard to please,
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.

Marriage

Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place;
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
 Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains;
 Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord;
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife!
 Nor let false shows, or empty titles please;
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her prayers,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled *Flanders* mares,
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to compleat her bliss, a fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part,
 She sighs, and is no *Duchess* at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing victim too,
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarm;

Good

Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past:
 Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn;
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn:
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * *Voiture's* early care still shone the same,
 And *Montausier* was only chang'd in name;
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th'*Elysian* coast,
 Amidst those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer *Ramboillet* in you.
 The brightest eyes of *France* inspir'd his muse,
 The brightest eyes of *Britain* now peruse,
 And dead as living, 'tis our author's pride,
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

* *Mademoiselle Paulet*.



To the Same,

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's
care
Drags from the town to wholsom coun-
try air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever.
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,

She

She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words!
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green,
Before you pass th' imaginary fights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights;

While

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls.

So when your slave, at some dear, idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you:
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,

Or sees the blush of *Parthenissa* rise,
G——y pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;
Streets, chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Next to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look fow'r, and hum a song—as you may now.





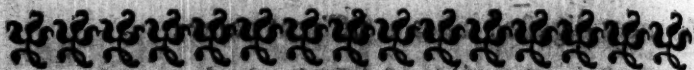
TO THE
 AUTHOR of a POEM,
 ENTITLED,
SUCCESSIO.

BE gone, ye critics, and restrain your spite;
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write;
 The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has
 gone,

As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
 What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
 Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew,
 Yet have we oft' discover'd in their stead
 A swarm of drones, that buzz'd about your head.
 When you, like *Orpheus*, strike the warbling lyre,
 Attentive blocks stand round you, and admire.

Wit, pass'd thro' thee, no longer is the same,
 As meat digested takes a different name;
 But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
 Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
 Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight
 (Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height;
 So, forc'd from engines, lead itself can fly,
 And pondrous slugs move nimbly thro' the sky.
 Sure *Bavius* copy'd *Mavius* to the full,
 And *Charilus* taught *Codrus* to be dull;
 Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
 This needless labour, and contend no more,
 To prove a dull *Succession* to be true,
 Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.





On a FAN of the Author's De-
sign, in which was painted the
Story of CEPHALUS and
PROCRIS, with the Motto,
Aura veni.

COME, gentle air! th' *Æolian* shepherd said,
While *Procris* panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.



ON
SILENCE,

*In Imitation of the Style of the late
E. of R.*

I.
Silence! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert, e'er nature first began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept
fast in thee.

II.
Thine was the sway, e'er heav'n was form'd, or
earth,
E'er fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III. Then

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
 In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
 Till wrangling science taught it noise and show,
 And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
 Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentler reign.

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
 And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
 And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX. Si-

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
 The only honour of the wishing dame;
 Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But cou'dst thou seize some tongues that now are
 free,
 How Church and State wou'd be oblig'd to thee?
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wou'dst
 thou be?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and fills the noisy
 laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What fav'rites gain, and what th' Exchequer owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.



XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The country's learning, policy of the gown,
 The well by these express'd, and thus in these shown.

EPI-



EPITAPH.

O T

A Pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet re-
sign'd;

Honour unchang'd, a principle profess,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest;
An honest courtier, and a patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth;
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.



PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. Addison's Tragedy

OF

CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the
heart;

To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move;
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *British* eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and godlike *Cato* was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While *Cato* gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Caesar* 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,

The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
 And honour'd *Caesar's* less than *Cato's* sword.

Britains attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom she subdu'd;
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On *French* translation, and *Italian* song:
 Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
 Such plays alone should please a *British* ear,
 As *Cato's* self had not disdain'd to hear.



EPI-



EPILOGUE

TO

JANE SHORE.

Design'd for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

P Rodigious this! the frail one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The play may pass—but that strange creature, *Shore*,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars, he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “How strangely you expose your self, my dear?”

But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin:
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice.
 The godly dame who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,
 Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
 He has a husband that will make amends.
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern *Caro's* self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
 Tells us, that *Caro* dearly lov'd his wife:
 Yet if a friend a night, or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
But pray which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoick Chief our stage may ring.
The Stoick Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy *Cato*,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in *Plato*.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That *Edward's* Miss thus perks it in your face,
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.



To send a wife, few here would think make,
But pray which of you all would make her back?
The wife which Christ our Lord may give
The mother which the Lord may give
The married couple, was a lady, the time,
And he'd his journey—but where then to you?
Those things, examples are we made to live,
But the kind, could right instant the very
There, many an honest man may copy down
Who are of the naked world, or look'd at
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
Then, perhaps, this is the best in your face,
To see a piece of standing flesh and blood, not
In all the world, so wonderfully good,
But, for the modest reasons of the town,
Come here in crowd, and find the things down





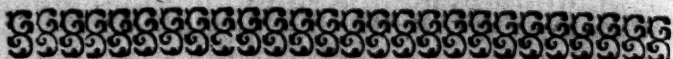
THE ARGUMENT

ELOISA

TO

A BELARD.





The ARGUMENT.

A Belard and Eloisa flourish'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend which contain'd the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.



ELOISA



ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloisa* yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd.

Hide

Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mix'd with Gods, his lov'd idea lies.
 Oh write it not, my hand——The name appears
 Already written——wash it out, my tears!

In vain lost *Eloise* weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
 Shrines! where their vigils pale'ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd, and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot my self to stone.

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, till usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom
 There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and echo sighs to thine.
 Not foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue,
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah more than share it! give me all thy grief.
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretches maid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive aid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgins wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
 Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day:
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
 And truths *divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love.
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
 Nor envy them, that heav'n I lose for thee.
 How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

* He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.

The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires;
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for ought but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
 Not *Cesar's* empress wou'd I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love;
 If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
 Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature, law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast;
 Ev'n thought meets thought e'er from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
 Where, where was *Eloise*? her voice, her hand,
 Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian stay! that bloody hand restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.

I can

I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress;
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You * rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n :
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity !)

* He founded the monastery.

But

But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandring streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy fits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene;
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;

Here

Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.

E'er such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!

How

How often, hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain——do all things but forget.
 But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins *Hymeneals* sing;
 For her th' unfading rose of *Eden* blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps, she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake——no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say;
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away:
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas no more!—methinks we wandering go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe;
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount! you becken from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
H I shriek,

I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows,
Still as the sea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, *Abelard!* for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead;
Cut from the root my perish'd joys I see,
And love's warm tyde for ever stopt in thee.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloisa* loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view,
The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes!
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me.

Thy

Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
 When from the center clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul;
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul.
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thy self to heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies,
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs,
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
 Assist the fiends and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
 Rise ~~Alps~~ between us! and whole oceans roll!
 Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,
 Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!
 O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair;
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And faith, our early immortality!
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
 See in her cell sad *Elaisa* spread,
 Propt in some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
 Come, sister come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 Thy place is here, sad sister come away!
 Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.
I come,

I come ye ghosts ! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad office pay,
And smoothe my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch the flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd *Eloisa* see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one * kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame.

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To *Paraclete's* white walls, and silver springs,

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!

From the full quire when loud *Hosanna's* rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more,

* Abeland and Eloisa were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of *Paraclete*: He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
 Let him our said, our tender story tell ;
 The well-lung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

Design'd for

Mr. Row in Westminster-Abbey.

By MR. POPE.



To the Memory of
 His Wife
 And so forth
 Beneath a rude
 To which the tears that
 Peace to thy gentle
 Bless in thy gentle
 One grateful woman to thy
 What a whole thunders
 hand to his deny'd



E P I T A P H

Design'd for

Mr. ROWE in *Westminster-Abbey*.

By Mr. POPE.

*To the Memory of Nicholas Rowe Esq;
his Wife erected this Monument.*

THY reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair shrine we trust,
And sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless Rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supply'd,
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.



TWO
CHORUS'S
 TO THE
Tragedy of *Brutus*,

Not yet Publick.

Chorus of *Athenians*.

Strophe. I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal fages taught;
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And godlike *Zeno* lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood,
 Unspotted long with human blood.

H. 5

War,

War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses shades.

Antistrophe 1.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth, and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak *Atlantic* shore,
Or bid the furious *Gaul* be rude no more?

Strophe 2.

When *Athens* sinks by fates unjust,
When wild *Barbarians* spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n *Britain's* utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
See arts her savage sons controul,
An *Athens* rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

Antistrophe 2.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;

Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
 Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some *Athens* perishes, some *Tully* bleeds.

CHORUS of Youths and Virgins.

Semichorus.

O H tyrant love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And *Brutus* tenderly reproves.
 Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which nature has imprest?
 Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods, and *Brutus* bend to love:
Brutus for absent *Portia* sighs,
 And sterner *Cassius* melts at *Junia*'s eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wandring, self-consuming fire.
 But *Hymen*'s flames like stars unite;
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold *Cynthia*'s virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

Semichorus.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend;
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise,
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;

What.

What tender passions take their turns,

What home-felt raptures move?

His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,

With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,

False oaths, false tears, deceits, disguises,

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:

Purest love's unwasting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;

Sacred *Hymen!* these are thine.





FOUR SONGS

Written in 1683.

By his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

In order to be sung as Chorus's between the Acts of a Play of Shakespear's that was altered.

First SONG after the end of the first Act.

Chorus of free Citizens of Rome.

WHither is ancient virtue gone?
 What is become of justice now?
 That valour, which so bright has shone,
 And with the wings of conquest flown,
 Must to a haughty master bow:

Who

Who with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside.
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, or his pride.

He frankly does his life expose:

So will a lyon or a bear.

What comfort can that be to those,

Who more his vain ambition fear?

How stupid wretches we appear;

Who round the world, for wealth and empire roam;

And never, never think what slaves we are at home?

Did men for this together join,

Quitting the free wild life of nature?

What beast but man did e'er combine

For setting up his fellow-creature,

And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?

Oh! rather than be slaves to false and worthless men!!

Give us our wildness and our woods, our huts and
caves again.

There secure from lawless sway,

Out of pride, or envy's way;

Living.

Living up to nature's rules,
 Not deprav'd by knaves and fools,
 Happily we all might live, and harmless as our sheep;
 Then at length as calmly die, as infants fall asleep.

Second SONG after the second Act.

The Genius of Rome.

LO, to prevent this awful empire's doom,
 From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
 The mighty genius of majestic *Rome*.

Her * fate approaches! yet, I will engage
 Some few, the master souls of all this age,
 To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard so brave a man should fall so low;
 But worse to let so great a people bow
 To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet oh! I grieve that *Brutus* should be stain'd,
 Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd,
 So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

* *The fall of the Commonwealth when it was chang'd into Tyranny.*

But only he can make the rest combine;
 The very life and soul of their design:
 The centre where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no fort of scruples make;
 And some are bad, only for mischief's sake;
 But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus, while they all for publick good intend,
 To bring a tyrant to untimely end,
 The over-zealous *Brutus* stabs his friend.

Third SONG after the third Act.

Chorus of Roman Senators.

DARK is the path poor mortals tread:
 Wisdom itself a guide does need:
 We little thought, when *Cæsar* bled,
 That a worse *Cæsar* would succeed.
 And are we under such a hopeless curse,
 That we can never change but for the worse?

Under

Under pretence of necessary force

By which we our own selves enthrall,

These, without blushes, or remorse,

Proscribe the best, improv'ish all.

The *Gauls* themselves, our greatest foes,

Could offer terms no worse than these.

That *Cæsar* with ambitious thoughts

Had virtues too, his very foes cou'd find:

These equal him in all his faults,

But never in his noble mind.

That free-born spirits shou'd obey,

Wretches who know not how to sway!

Too late we now repent our hasty choice;

In vain bemoan so quick a turn;

Dejected *Rome* cries with united voice,

Better, a thousand times, that we had born

Our ills a while, with patience, and with ease,

Than try'd a fatal cure much worse than our disease.

Fourth Song after the fourth Act.

*Chorus of Soldiers in the Army of
Brutus and Cassius.*

OUR vows thus chearfully we sing,
'Till the fierce clangor fires our blood:
Let all the neighb'ring echoes ring
With wishes for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the just Gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May *Rome* be freed from war's alarms,
And mulcts too heavy to be born:
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn,
And, for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood.
And, for reward, &c.

Our

Our greatest patriots *Love* restrain
From faction, which they wisdom call;

From the low thoughts of little gain,

And hazarding the losing all.

And, for reward, *&c.*

Our arms we'll eagerly prepare,

Then, to the glorious combat fly;

All disengag'd from future care,

Except to overcome, or dye.

And, for reward, *&c.*

They fight, oppression to increase:

We, for our liberties and laws;

It were a sin to doubt success,

When freedom is the noble cause.

And, for reward, of the just Gods we claim

A life with freedom, or a death with fame.



Mr. POPE and his POEMS.

By the Same.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and
 bus'ness tir'd,
 Caring for nothing but what ease re-
 Too dully serious for the Muse's sport, [quir'd;
 And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
 I little thought of launching forth agen,
 Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen:
 And after so much undeserv'd success,
 Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
 Itself a subject for satyric rhyme;
 Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
 Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!

But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
 Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
 Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
 As the great *Iliad*, scarce should make me sing;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 Does all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
 But a much greater to give merit praise.





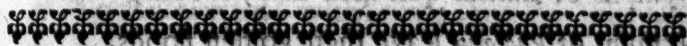
THE
Story of ARACHNE,

From the beginning of the sixth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.



By Mr. J. GAT.



P *Allas*, attentive heard the Muses song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their
wrong;

Reflecting thus, — A vulgar soul can praise,

My fame let glorious emulation raise,

Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride

That dares my sacred Deity deride.

Revenge

Revenge the Goddess in her breast revolves,
And streight the bold *Arachne's* fate resolves.
Her haughty mind to heav'n disdain'd to bend,
And durst with *Pallas* in her art contend.
No famous town she boasts, or noble name;
But to her work alone owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
At small *Hypææ* though she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd,
All *Lydia* to her name due honour pays,
And ev'ry city speaks *Arachne's* praise.
Nymphs of *Timolus* quit their shady woods,
Nymphs of *Pactolus* leave their golden floods,
And oft' with pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her work, and praise her artful hand,
They view each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round,
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece,
Whether

Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
 'Twas plain from *Pallas* she deriv'd her art,
 But she, unable to restrain her pride,
 The very mistress of her art defy'd.
Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
 And takes an old decrepid beldam's face.
 Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
 Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
 Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
 On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.

She thus accosts the nymph, "Be timely wise,
 " Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
 " For in the hoary head experience lies:
 " On earth contend the greatest name to gain,
 " To *Pallas* yield; with heav'n thou striv'st in vain.

Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
 And proud disdain glares in her rolling eyes:
 Enrag'd, the tangling thread away she throws,
 And scarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
 " Worn out with age, and by disease declin'd,
 " (She cries) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind;
 " These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
 " And wary doctrines for thy neices prove;

- " My counsel's from my self; my will commands;
" And my first resolution always stands :
" Let her contend; or does her fear impart,
" That conquest waits on my superior art?

The goddess strait throws off her old disguise,
And heav'nly beauty sparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And *Pallas* smiles with ev'ry wonted grace.
The nymphs surpriz'd the deity adore,
And *Lydian* dames confess her matchless pow'r;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a swift blush her guilty features stains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.
So when *Aurora* first unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn invests the blushing skies,
But soon bright *Phœbus* gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.

Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd,
The goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,
And order ev'ry slender thread with care;

The

The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the wid'ning space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive; then pois'd with
lead,

The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.
Each girds her flowing garments round her waist,
And plies her feet and arms with dextrous haste.
Here each inweaves the richest *Tyrian* dye,
There fainter shades in beauteous order lye;
Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
Set off the work, and brighten each design:
As when the sun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds some drizzly show'r descends,
We see the spacious humid arch appear,
Whose tranfient colours paint the splendid air;
By such degrees the deep'ning shadows rise
As pleasingly deceive our dazled eyes;
And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
Yet hues of diff'rent natures die th' extremes.
Here height'ning gold they midst the woof dispose,
And in the web this antique story rose.

Pallas the lofty mount of *Mars* designs,
Celestial judgment guides th' unerring lines;

Here, in just view, th' *Athenian* structures stand,
And there, the Gods contend to name the land;
Twelve deities the frames with stately mien,
And in the midst superior *Jove* is seen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
And in the piece each Figure seems to live.
Heav'n's thundering monarch sits with awful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There *Neptrune* stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident smote the trembling ground,
The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
From whence a fiery prancing steed arose;
And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
In her own shape a warlike port appears,
A shining helmet decks her flowing hairs,
Her thoughtful breast her well pois'd shield defends,
And her bare arm a glitt'ring spear extends,
With which she wounds the plain; from thence arose
A spreading Tree, green olives load the boughs;
The pow'rs her gift behold with wondring eyes,
And to the goddess give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that to dissuade
By others fate the too presumptuous maid,

A small

A small design each corner-space supply'd,
Of the just downfall of contending pride.

Hannus and *Rhodope* in this she wrought,
And beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the sacred names of Gods aspir'd;
To mountains chang'd their lofty heads arise,
And lose their less'ning summits in the skies.

In that, in curious miniature was seen
The wretched fate of the *Pygmean* queen;
Juno enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame;
In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this *Antigone*, for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial *Jove*:
Juno incens'd, her royal pow'r display'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor *Ilion's* earnest pray'r prevails,
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise,
Chang'd to a clam'rous stork she mounts the skies.

In the remaining orb, the heav'nly maid
The tale of childless *Cynaras* display'd,

A settled anguish in his look appears,
 And from his bloodshot eyes flow streams of tears;
 On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown;
 He, for his daughters, clasp'd the polish'd stone.
 And when he sought t' embrace their wonted charms,
 The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms:
 Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
 And her own peaceful tree adorns the fair design.

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty *Jove*,
 How in a bull the God disguis'd his love,
 A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
 And real billows breaking on the shore:
 In fair *Europa's* face appears surprize,
 To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
 And seems to call her maids, who wond'ring stood,
 And with their tears increas'd the briny flood:
 Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
 From the rude insults of the rising waves.

Here am'rous *Jove* dissolving *Leda* trod,
 And in the vig'rous swan conceal'd the God.
 Love lends him now an eagles new disguise,
 Beneath his flatt'ring wings *Asteria* lies,
 Here her enliv'ning colours well express'd
 How *Jove* the fair *Antiope* caress'd.

In a strong satyr's rough-hewn form he came
 Instilling love, transports the glowing dame,
 And lusty twins reward his neryous flame.
 Here how he sooth'd the bright *Alcmena's* love,
 Who for *Amphitryon* took th' impostor *Jove*,
 And how the God in golden show'rs allur'd
 The guarded nymph in brazen walls immur'd.
 How, in a swain, *Mnemosyne* he charms,
 In lambient flames the fair *Aegina* warms:
 And how with various glitt'ring hues inlaid
 In serpent's form *Deiis* he betray'd.
 Here you, great *Neptune*, with a short-liv'd flame
 In a young bull enjoy'd th' *Aolian* dame.
 Then in *Enipeus'* shape intrigues pursue,
 'Tis thus th' *Aloids* boast descent from you.
 Here to *Bisaltis* you your love convey'd,
 And as a ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
 Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
 And the dread dame, whose head's with serpents hung,
 From whom the *Pegasaan* courser sprung,
 Thee in a snuffing stallion's form enjoy,
 Exhaust thy strength, and ev'ry nerve employ;

Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
 And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea :
 Such just proportion graces ev'ry part,
 Nature her self appears improv'd by art.
 Here in disguise was mighty *Phæbus* seen
 With clownish aspect, and a rustick mien ;
 Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
 And now the lion's noble shape assumes ;
 Now, in a shepherd's form, with treach'rous smiles
 He *Macareian* *Issa*'s heart beguiles.
 Here his plump shape enamour'd *Bacchus* leaves,
 And in the grape *Erigone* deceives.
 There *Saturn*, in a neighing horse, she wove,
 And *Chiron*'s double form rewards his love.
 Festoons of flow'rs inwove with ivy shine,
 Border the wond'rous piece, and round the texture
 twine.

Not *Pallas*, nor ev'n spleen it self could blame,
 The skilful work of the *Maonian* dame ;
 With grief her vast success the goddess bore,
 And of celestial crimes th' upbraiding hist'ry tore.
 Her boxen shuttle, now enrag'd, she took,
 And thrice the proud *Idmonian* artist struck :

Th' un-

Th' unhappy maid, who found her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal noose she ties,
And in despair to death for shelters flies.

Pallas with pity saw the sudden deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed.

" Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
" Suspended thus to waste thy future time,
" This punishment involves thy num'rous race,
" Who, for thy fault, inherit thy disgrace:

Her incantation magick juices aid,
With which she sprinkles o'er the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious pow'r display'd.
Like autumn leaves she sheds her falling hairs,
With these, her nose, and next her rising ears,
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
And the strong juice contracts her changing trunk;
Strait to her sides, her slender fingers clung,
And there, her nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest threads her work supplies;
The virgin in the spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.



An EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of BURLINGTON.

A Journey to EXETER.

By the Same.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles
 ascend,
 Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your
 friend;
 Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within his reach,
 The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;
 I journey

I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
 And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty 'squire.
 'Twas on the day that city dames repair,
 To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* air;
 When forth we trot; no carts the road infest,
 For still on *Sundays* country horses rest.
 Thy gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen;
 Through *Hammer-smith* jog on to *Turnham-green*;
 That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pigeons fed,
 But feeds no more; for * *Solomon* is dead.
 Three dusty miles reach *Brandford's* tedious town,
 For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:
 Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
 We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.
 We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
 Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
 Prepar'd for war, now *Bagshot-heath* we cross,
 Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
 At *Hartley-Row* the foaming bit we press,
 While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
 Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
 Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round.

* A man, lately famous for feeding pigeons at *Turnham-green*.

Relates the justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What Lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep:
The morning rose; but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry fun,
And *Popham-lane* was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a *Belle* to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighb'ring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear;
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.
Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach *Stockbridge* town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.

Sad

Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears;
What! no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall *Snow* alone,
Be by Sir *Richard's* dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded
plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bow'rs a noonday shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend;
With wond'rous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays!
From her no list'ning echo's learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See *Sarum* steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire.

What

What sempstrefs has not prov'd thy sciffars good?
 From hence first came th'intriguing ridinghood.
 Amid * three boarding-schools well-stock'd with
 misses,

Shall three knights errants starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,

And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day,

The morning rose; the supper-reck'ning paid,

And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,

The ready offser near the stirrup stands,

And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands,

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,

Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

Here sleep my two companions eyes suppress'd,

And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest;

I wakeful sit, and with my pencil trace

Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;

Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,

And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.

Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses found,

Gravius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground,

* There are three boarding-schools in this town.

On either side low fertile valleys lye,
 The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.
 Through *Bridport's* stony lanes our rout we take,
 And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* lake.
 As hearfes pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,
 And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
 On unadulterate wine we here regale,
 And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
 And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.
 The maid, subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
 And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
 Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
 While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
 If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
 Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
 We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
 A female enters, and performs the part.
 The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
 And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
 Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
 Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd cotts and groves,
 Our eye thro' *Honiton's* fair valley roves.

Behind

Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
 Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
 Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
 Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
 When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
 Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
 For sure a civil host the house commands,
 Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands:
This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen,
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
 How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
 Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
 Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
 Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
 But were his muse for elegy unfit,
 Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
 If epigram offend, his harmless lines
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
 Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,
 And *Tattle-fields* record his simple lays;
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
 While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet,

Then

Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign,

* *This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom*

I nam'd the brave deliverer so come.

But now the driving gales suspend the rain,

We mount our steeds, and *Devon's* city gain.

Hail, happy native land!—But I forbear,

What other counties must with envy hear.

* *Prince Arthur, book 5.*





AN
EPISTLE
TO A
LADY.

Occasioned by the arrival of her
ROYAL HIGHNESS.

By the Same.

M ADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since
have writ:

You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:

No

No more let trifling themes your muse employ,
 Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy;
 No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
 But sing the glories of the British court.
 By your commands and inclination sway'd,
 I call'd th' unwilling muses to my aid;
 Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
 And to the Princess thus the poem rose.

*Aid me, bright Phoebus; aid, ye sacred nine;
 Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
 My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
 The lovely parent of our Royal race.
 Breath soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
 Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
 Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
 To waft her gently o'er the watry way.*

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
 To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
 Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
 And call'd the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the muse along,
 Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
 I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
 Perus'd French criticks, and began anew.

Long

Long open panegyrick drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I fought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I show'd;
For shame, says he, what imitate an Ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and *Grubstreet* lays,
Than pillage *Cæsar* for my patron's praise:
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pyes, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, families, lord's names, and ends of wit;
In blotted stanza's scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme.

*Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;*

The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound:
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear.

Religion's chearful flame her bosoms warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye fair, at Chapel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lovers eyes with artful airs;
Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper lest,
Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.

From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
And all the mother op'ning in their face:
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shines.
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;

With

*With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
 He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
 Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
 And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.*

Thus far I'd gone: The wind with prosperous
 gales,

Now bids the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
 Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannon's sound
 White *Albion's* cliffs from shore to shore rebound.
 Behold the bright original appear,
 All praise is faint when *Carolina's* near.
 Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
 The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
 I left the muses to frequent the court;
 Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
 Enquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.
 Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.

Another

Another ask'd me, why I had not writ:
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Strait I reply'd, with what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his strains;
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not *Horace* sweet preferment found,
The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains
rang.

Oh, teach me now to strike a softer strain!
The court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;

Whose

Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
 And patronize the man that wants a friend.
 You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
 But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
 That writing was my method to succeed;
 But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
 That scarce I could produce a single strain:
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
 Without connexion as without design.
 One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
 An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

*The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
 She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake;
 For this, on earth, the British crown is giv'n,
 And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.*

Again, while GEORGE's virtues rais'd my thought,
 The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

*Methinks I see some bard, whose heav'nly rage
 Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
 Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
 The glorious series of the Brunswick race.*

*From the first GEORGE these godlike kings descend,
 A line which only with the world shall end.*

*The next a gen'rous prince renown'd in arms,
 And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's charms;
 From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,
 We plow the fields, and reap the years increase:
 Now Commerce, wealsby Goddess, rears her head,
 And bids Britannia's fleets the canuas spread;
 Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
 And wealth returns with each revolving tide.*
 Here paus'd the fullen muse, in haste I dress'd,
 And through the croud of needy courtiers press'd:
 Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,
 Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.





O N A

Miscellany of POEMS

T O

BERNARD LINTOTT.

A S when some skilful cook, to please each
 guest,
 Would to our senses comprehend a feast,
 With due proportion and judicious care
 He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
 Fishes and fowl deliciously unite,
 To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.

So, *Bernard*, must a miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The muses O'lio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldst thou for miscellanies raise thy fame;
And bravely rival *Jacob's* mighty name,
Let all the muses in the piece conspire,
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroick strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe;
Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satyr must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;
Satyr, the muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with pindarick lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:
Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line.
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And *Homer's* godlike muse be made our own;

Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
 And *Virgil's* thoughts adorn the *British* tongue;
 Let *Ovid* tell *Corinna's* hard disdain,
 And at her door in melting notes complain;
 His tender accents pitying virgins move,
 And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.
 Let ev'ry claffick in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design:
 Through various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change;
 Variety's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
 And only change th' expiring flame renews.

Where *Buckingham* will condescend to give,
 That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
 When noble *Sheffield* strikes the trembling strings,
 The little loves rejoyce, and clap their wings;
Anacreon, lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain
 Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain,
 'Tis he—our lost *Anacreon* lives again.
 But when th' illustrious poet soars above
 The sportive revels of the god of love,

Like

Like *Maro's* muse he takes a loftier flight,
 And towres beyond the wond'ring *Cupid's* sight.
 If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
 And of all others be reputed best,
 Let *Congreve* teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair *Pastora's* urn.

Let *Prior's* muse with soft'ning accents move,
 Soft as the strains of constant *Emma's* love:
 Or let his fancy chase some jovial theme,
 As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous dream;
 Prior th' admiring reader entertains,
 With *Chaucer's* humour, and with *Spencer's* strains.

Waller in *Granville* lives; when *Mira* sings
 With *Waller's* hand he strikes the sounding strings,
 With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
 And manly sense adorns his easie lines.

On *Addison's* sweet lays attention waits,
 And silence guards the place while he repeats;
 His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
 Whether she paints the god of love, or arms:
 In him, pathetick *Ovid* sings again,
 And *Homer's Iliad* shines in his *Campaign*.

Whenever *Garth* shall raise his sprightly song,
 Sense flows in easie numbers from his tongue;

Great *Phæbus* in his learned son we see,
Alike in phyfic, as in poetry.

When *Pope's* harmonious muse with pleasure roves,
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams, and groves,
Attentive echo pleas'd to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
And early in the youth the God appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its flecker gloss gives way;
While neat old *Elzevir* is reckon'd better
Than *Pirate Hill's* brown sheets, and scurvy letter;
While print admirers careful *Aldus* chuse
Before *John Morphew*, or the weekly news:
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And *Tonson* yield to *Lintott's* lofty name.





VERSES *design'd to be prefix'd*
to Mr. LINTOTT's *Miscellany*.

SOME *Colinaus* praise, some *Bleau*
Others account them but so, so;
Some *Stephens* to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old *Elzevir*;
Others with *Aldus* would besot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.
Those printed unknown tongues, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, most can't read;
What *Lintott* offers to your hand,
Even R—— may understand:
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOTT stands in Capital;
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Oft in an *Aldus* or a *Plantin*,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting;

Of *Lintott's* books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read.
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two:

Lintott's for general use are fit,
 For some folks read, but all folks sh—





*Sweet William's farewell
to Black-ey'd Susan.*

A

B A L L A D

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

By Mr. GAY.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board.

Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors tell me true
If my sweet *William*, if my sweet *William* sails among
the crew.

K 5

William

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest,
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet,
 Might envy William's lips these kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

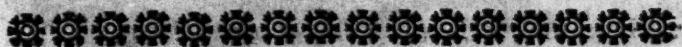
If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright.
 Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory, so white.
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' *Hattel* calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;
 Tho' canons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries; and wav'd her lilly hand.





CHAUCER'S
CHARACTERS:
OR, THE
INTRODUCTION
TO THE
CANTERBURY TALES.



CHAUCER'S
CHARACTERS

OF THE
INTRODUCTION
TO THE

CANTERBURY TALES



CHAUCE R's CHARACTERS.

T WAS when, the fields imbibe the vernal
 flow'rs,
 And *Venus* paints her month with early
 flow'rs;
When *Sol*, diffusing genial warmth around,
Unbinds the frozen bosom of the ground;
When gentle *Zephyr* with refreshing breath
Reviv'd each grain that in the womb of earth
All winter slept; and th' all-enlivening fun,
Thro' the bright ram had half his progress run;
When birds on ev'ry bough renew their songs,
And *Philomel* her evening note prolongs;
Then nature smiles; then *Devotees* engage,
Thro' the wide world to roam on pilgrimage.

From

From ev'ry shire the pious rambles stray,
 But most to *Canterbury* bend their way.
 There at the * *Martyr's* shrine a cure they find,
 For each sick body, and each love-sick mind.

It so befel, that season, on a day,
 In *Southwark* at the *Talbot-Inn* I lay,
 Resolv'd with zeal my journey to begin;
 With no small off'ring to *St. Thomas'* shrine.
 For *Priests* with empty thanks are never shamn'd;
 The rich buy heaven, and ragged rogues are
 damn'd.

Full nine and twenty more, a jovial crew,
 (Mine *Host* was ravish'd at a sight so new)
 That night, by fair adventure sought our inn;
 All pilgrims, fixt upon the same design.
 When most with care had seen their horses fed,
 Happy were they who got a cleanly bed.
 With each I talk'd, and each by name could
 call,
 So quickly grew familiar with 'em all.
 There we resolv'd with speed to make our way,
 And all set forward at the break of day.

* *Thomas Becket*;

But

But hold a while ; 'twere requisite you know,
E're I proceed, each pilgrim of the crew.
I'll here relate their characters, their age,
Describe their persons, and their equipage.
Their sex, and what condition they were in ;
This rule observ'd, I with the Knight begin.

The Knight.

A Knight there was, whose early youth had shown
His love to arms, and passion for renown.
Courteous and affable ; of honour nice ;
A friend to truth, a foe to ev'ry vice.
In many brave engagements had he been,
Known foreign courts, and men and manners seen :
In *Christendom* much fame he had acquir'd ;
In *Turkey* he was dreaded and admir'd.
When *Alexandria* was besieg'd, and won,
He pass'd the Trenches first, and scal'd the Town.
Granada's siege increas'd the warrior's fame ;
And *Algier* trembled but to hear his name.
In fifteen battels deathless wreaths he got,
Three single combats with success he fought.

Much

Much ground he travell'd o'er, for he had seen
 Our Saviour's sepulcher in *Palestine*.
 The barb'rous infidels had felt his might,
 Fierce in engagement, gentle after fight.
 In council, and in conduct, wise, and staid;
 In conversation, modest as a maid.
 Plain and sincere, observant of the right;
 In mien, and manners, an accomplish'd knight.

A goodly horse he rode, well shap'd, and strong;
 No gaudy saddle, nor no trappings long.
 The arms he wore, were bright, and free from stain;
 His habit, serviceable, neat, and plain.
 With grateful zeal devoutly he was come,
 To thank the saint that brought him safely home.

The Squire.

With him his son, a sprightly Squire, and gay,
 Youthful and blooming as the month of *May*;
 A fearless lover, in a courtly dress,
 With curling locks just taken from the press.
 Of twenty years he seem'd, well shap'd and tall,
 Strong was his make, his port majestic.

The

The army did his early courage see,
 In *Flanders*, and in fertile *Picardy*;
 He hop'd his valour would all forms remove,
 And plead successfully its master's love.

His vest with various colours did abound,
 Like flowry meads when spring adorns the ground.
 Short was his coat, the sleeves were long and wide;
 Well could he sing, and *trouts* and *balls* provide.
 His fiery steed he gracefully cou'd fit;
Love-songs he made, not wholly void of wit;
 Some skill in *painting* too the youth had shown,
 Could draw a mistress, or design a town.
 Love o'er his gentle heart did so prevail,
 He slept as little as the nightingale.

The Squire's Yeoman.

THis Squire a Yeoman had, and only him,
 Whose truth and diligence deserv'd esteem.
 Girt with a belt, his garment was of green;
 A quiver stor'd with arrows, bright and keen,
 Hung cross his shoulders in a silken string;
 The feathers borrow'd from the Peacock's wing.

At

At his left side a weighty sword he wore;
 And on his arm a well-try'd buckler bore;
 A dagger, short and broad, was ty'd below;
 His strong right hand sustain'd a mighty bow;
 A *Christopher* his bosom did adorn;
 In a fair baldricke hung his silver horn:
 His sun-burnt visage, and his grass-green hood,
 Might prove him well a ranger of the wood.

The Prioress.

There was with these a Nun, a Prioress,
 A lady of no ord'nary address;
 Her smiles were harmless, and her look was coy,
 She never swore an Oath but by Saint *Loye*.
 Known by the name of Lady *Eglantine*;
 She sung the office with a grace divine;
 She spoke the *French* of *Strasford-school*, by *Bow*;
 The *French* of *Paris* she did never know.
 For *French* of *Paris* did to her appear
 Strange, as our *Law-French* to a *Frenchman's* ear.
 At meals she sat demure, carv'd neat, and well,
 No morsel from her lips unseemly fell.

She

She never dipp'd her finger in the mess;
Nor with one drop defil'd her holy dress.
With a becoming grace, and smiling eye,
She gain'd respect from all the company.
Easie and free, still pleasant at her meat;
And held it no small pain to counterfeit;
She hated stateliness, yet wisely knew
What fit regard was to her title due.

She pity'd ev'ry creature in distress,
Devout, and charitable to excess.
Her tender heart with such compassion fill'd,
She d weep to see a poor mouse caught, and kill'd.
Her lap-dogs still with her fair hands she fed,
With milk, and roast meat, mixt with crumbs of bread.
In her own chamber, on her bed they slept;
If any dy'd, most bitterly she wept.

Well set her wimple, nicely pinch'd it was,
Her nose was straight, her eyes were grey as glass,
Small was her mouth, her lips were red and soft.
A beauteous forehead, always born aloft,
Broad, smooth and shining--eye-brows, neat and small,
A slender waste, inclining to be tall.

A curious garment, wondrous neat, she wore;
A pair of beads, with green enamell'd o'er,

Of

Of shining coral, did her arm infold ;
 Grac'd with an ornament of beaten gold :
 Upon it was engrav'd a circling wreath,
 And *Amor vincit omnia* writ beneath.
 A nun, who seldom from her side did stir,
 Her chaplain, and three priests, attended her.

The Monk.

NExt these a merry Monk appears in place,
 Who follow'd hunting, more than saying mass.
 As bravely mounted, as a lord from court ;
 No well-fed abbot bore a comelier port.
 And when in state he ambled, all might hear
 The gingling of his bridle, loud and clear,
 As far, almost, as any chappel-bell.

This lordly monk, once keeper of a cell,
 Held good St. Benner's order too severe ;
 St. *Maure* to his nice judgment did appear
 Too strict, and rigid ; for old dotards fit,
 But scorn'd by *priests of spirit*, and of wit.
 One scripture text he blotted with his pen,
 That says all hunters are ungodly men.

What

What shoals of converts would this doctrine raise ?
Shall monks in study pass laborious days ?
Turn o'er dull fathers, and worm-eaten books,
With dazled eyes, and melancholy looks ?
Toil with their hands to make the garden neat ?
Turn cooks, and baste the roast with their own sweat ?
This *Austin* humbly did: " Did he? (saith he,)
" *Austin* may do the same again for me.
He lov'd the chase, the hounds melodious cry,
Hounds that ran swiftly as the swallows fly.
His sleeves I saw, with furs all lin'd within,
From *Russia* brought, the finest squirrels skin ;
(*Hair-shirts*, he said, provok'd the blood to sin.)
His Hood beneath his double-chin to hold,
'Twas fasten'd with a curious clasp of gold ;
A *love-knot* at the greater end there was ;
His head close shav'd, and smooth as any glass.
His strutting paunch was seldom disappointed ;
His broad, full face shone as it were anointed.
His eyes were sleepy, rouling in his head,
That steem'd like furnaces of moulten lead.
Supple his boots, his horse he proudly sate,
You'd take him for a bishop by his state.

Fasts had not made him meagre like a ghost,
 But fat he was, and goodly as mine host.
 A fat, plump swan he lov'd, young, but full grown.
 His horse was sleek, and as the berry brown.

The Fryer.

A Fryer next, to ev'ry female dear,
 All the four orders never had his peer.
 Wanton, diverting still in prose, or rhyme;
 He many couples married in his time:
 Some young ones at his own expence he wed,
 And to their husbands grief soon brought to bed.
 A frank companion, secret, often try'd;
 To gentle dames, a confessor, and guide.
 Licentiate of his order once, and then
 For one the curate had, he thrifted ten.
 He with a smile would their confession hear;
 No soul had cause his penances to fear.
 His absolutions pleasant, soft, and mild;
 He stroak'd 'em as a parent does his child.
 To a poor order liberal ladies fly,
 With golden presents easy penance buy;

For

For man is obstinate, and hard of heart,
He keeps his money tho' he feels the smart.
But to poor fryers you must silver give;
'Tis not with prayers and fasting they can live.

He stich'd within his tippit, pretty knives,
With silver pins, small presents for kind wives.
In chearful company, he sung all day;
To help his voice could on the cittern play.
His arms were brawny, few such weights could sling;
Strong as a champion for an *English* king.
All inns and taverns in the town he knew,
But from the poor he prudently with-drew;
To rich and liberal penitents inclin'd,
To *those* was meek, and of an humble mind.
None, in appearance, more devout could be,
The ablest beggar of his house was he.
He farm'd that income, and procur'd a grant
No holy brother should disturb his haunt.
Course was his habit when a begging fryer,
In wanton love-days gorgeous his attire,
Of finest cloth was then his *demoiselle*;
No mendicant, but stately as a pope.
Something he humm'd betwixt a lisp and song,
To make his *English* sweet upon his tongue.

His little pigs-eyes gave unequal light,
 Like small stars twinkling in a frosty night.
 The good wives chuckled wherefoe'er he came,
 A useful fryet, and Hubert was his name.

The Merchant.

With these a merchant, in a motley coat,
 Well mounted too, and bearded like a goat,
 A Flanders beaver on his head he wore;
 His boots were neatly buckled on before.
 He prov'd with reasons strong, and formal face,
 T'increase in wealth was to increase in grace.
 Greedy of gold, and popular esteem,
 He wish'd the sea were shut to all, but him.
 Traffick in money he had studied well,
 Knew where the *Exchange* would rise, and where it fell.
 In debt to none, in bargains strict and nice,
 Thought unprompt payment was the greatest vice.
 What he with pains had got, with care he'd save;
 Not charitable, for he seldom gave.

The Scholar of Oxford.

A Well read clerk of *Oxford* next attends,
One who had *Logick* at his Fingers-ends.

Sober his aspect, thread-bare was his coat,

His carcass hollow as an empty boat,

The steed he strode was lean as any rake,

With store of leather wanting on his back.

As yet no benefice he could obtain,

No office in his college could he gain ;

Plac'd on a shelf at his bed's-head were found,

A score of books, some fitch'd, the rest ill-bound.

No harp, no viol, no rich cloaths had he,

But *Aristotle's* deep philosophy.

Coin he had little, 'twas not his intent

To hoard, for what he got on books he spent.

Devoutly for his patron's soul he pray'd,

Whose bounty gave that learning which he had.

Laboriously he study'd night and day,

His words were few, spoke in no vulgar way.

Weigh'd ere pronounc'd, sententious, short and clean,

Thoughtful his look, and bashful was his mien.

Of moral virtue usefully he'd preach,
He patiently would learn, and gladly teach.

The Serjeant at Law.

A Serjeant of the law, discreet, precise;
Well could he plead at bar, and well advise.
Wealthy he was, but frugal of expence,
And his sage look demanded reverence.
Weighty his arguments; his words were wise;
Oft he had sat as judge at an assize;
There by commission rais'd to high degree,
Maturely weigh'd out justice equally.
Robes for the bench he had, and for the bar;
No serjeant was a greater purchaser.
If safe the title, moderate the price,
A good fee-simple never came amiss.
He for a very busie man did pass;
And yet he seem'd much busier than he was.
Whole shoals of clients in the term he had,
And Law enough, to make those clients mad.
All his conveyances were legal, true,
No flaw was found in any thing he drew.

The statutes of the land he had by heart ;
 Turn'd all to gold, without the chymist's art.
 In a plain motley coat he rode, ty'd fast,
 With a strip'd filken sash about his waste.

*The * Franklin.*

A Franklin was the serjeant's chief delight,
 His beard was long, and as the daisie white.
 Sanguine he was, and study'd pleasure most ;
 His morning's draught, sack, with a nut-brown-toast.
 All delicacies that money could procure
 He had ; a nice luxurious epicure.
 With fish and fowl, with bak'd-meat and with roast,
 His table groan'd, he valu'd not the cost.
 All rarities the nations could afford
 Were search'd, and bought to fill his ample board.
 In ev'ry season delicacies appear,
 Diversify'd each quarter of the year.
 Hare, partridge, pheasant ever were at hand ;
 Carp, tench, and breme, as ready at command,

* A Franklin is a Country Gentleman who lives upon his Estate.

With poyntant fauces proper for each dish;
 Woe to the cook were any thing amiss!
 Spacious his hall, and open was the door,
 Fragments and Marrow-bones bespread the floor;
 And ready cover'd with all sorts of food,
 All the long day a table dormant stood.

This worthy franklin bore a purse of silk,
 Fixt to his girdle, white as morning milk.
 Knight of the shire, first justice at th' assize,
 To help the poor, the doubtful to advise,
 In all employments, generous, just he prov'd;
 Renown'd for courtesie, by all belov'd.

The Seaman.

THEN came a *Danmark* seaman far from
 West,

A very awkward rider at the helm.

A coarse cloth gown he wore, not long, nor wide,

His dagger in a lace adorn'd his side.

He knew those sultry climates where the sun

Turn'd his complexion to a dusky brown.

To company and mirth he did incline,

Had swallow'd many a draught of *Bordeaux* wine.

Kept

Kept an obedient seaman's conscience,
 Held borrowing from his owners no offence.
 If 'twas his fate to take the lucky prize,
 (For stoutly he would fight) he was so wise
 To pick the best, which sent by parcels home,
 Little of worth did to the office come.
 A perfect master of the compass, he
 Could thum each rock and shallow in the sea;
 Had weather'd tempests, in engagements been,
 Scap'd many dangers, many countries seen.
 Knew ev'ry creek and harbour on the main,
 Of England, Scotland, and the coast of Spain.
 In many fights his frigate much was fam'd;
 The *Magdalene* of England it was nam'd.

The Doctor of Physick.

THE doctor next; a foe to all excess;
 Who travell'd more for health than holiness,
 In nice Anatomy well skill'd was he,
 And not a stranger to astronomy.
 He knew to wire-draw a distemper well,
 And cures by magic natural foretel;

A deep astrologer, that cou'd with ease
 Cast the nativity of each disease,
 Show at what punctual hour it shou'd expire,
 In terms which knaves invent, and fools admire.

The cause of ev'ry malady he knew,
 Whether of cold, heat, moist, or dry, it grew.
 Told which of those engender'd the disease;
 'Twas but removing *That*, and you'd have ease.
 Th' *Apothecary* waited his command;
 Druggs and Electuaries were still at hand.
 Whatever one prescrib'd, the other made,
 And each by turns advanc'd the mutual trade.
 He'd tell the wonders wrought by **Phabus*' son,
 What fame the great *Hippocrates* had won.
 Well read in *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Avicen*,
 In *Dioscorides* and *Damascen*.

These names, and many more he had by rote,
 Which to th' unlearn'd he never fail'd to quote,
 No bible on his pagan shelves had he,
 It was prohibited the layety.

In diet singular; young tender meat,
 And easy of digestion, he would eat.

* *Esculapius*.

At a rich patient's table, bold and free;
 But at his own, he prais'd frugality.
 Of scarlet *Persian* silk his habit was,
 And neatly lin'd with taffety, or gauze.
 Great were his gains, but moderate his expence;
 He flourish'd in a time of penitence.
 Gold's the best cordial; yet he lov'd to see
 Coyn'd *aurum* rather than *parabile*.

The Wife of Bath.

A Merry wife of Bath comes next in place,
 But somewhat deaf, with an autumnal face.
 By trade a weaver, one who scorn'd to grant
 Her work out-done at *Ipres*, or at *Gaut*.
 No matron could with greater zeal incline
 To pay her off'ring at the martyr's shrine.
 She neither patient, nor devout could be,
 If any rivall'd her in charity.
 In her own parish she wou'd take the wall,
 Before the proudest matron of 'em all:
 Upon a *Sunday* ever trimly drest,
 She flaunted forth, the envy of the rest.

Large were her kerchiff, yet more gorgeous made
With her own work, and full three pounds they
weigh'd:

Scarlet her hose, her glossy shoes were new;
Bold was her face, and ruddy was its hue:
Not one of her five husbands could be found,
She laid 'em safely up in holy ground.
With these she made a shift to pass her youth;
Such was this good wife's constancy and truth.
She travell'd far, pass'd many a rapid stream,
Thrice saw the reliques of Jerusalem.

Rome and the Catacombs she knew full well,
Strange things of Cologne and its Kings cou'd tell;
Spain she had travell'd o'er from end to end,
And good St. James was very much her friend.
Of various haps and perils by the way,
Much had she known, and yet much more wou'd say.
Upon an ambling pad at ease she sat,
Gingling the bitt, and slack'd her pace to chat:
A steeple hat she wore upon her head,
Whose ample brims were like a buckler spread;
O'er her large hips a mantle fairly wrought;
Before, her kerchiff to a point was brought:

Like

Like a rank rider, pointed spurs she wore:
 Of jests she had an unexhausted store.
 Her talk did notably *love's art* advance,
 For she had practis'd long that *old, new dance*.

The Plowman.

A Plowman follow'd, who had still at hand
 Loads of manure t'enrich the grateful land;
 An able, strong, laborious man was he,
 Who liv'd with all in perfect charity.
 He serv'd God faithfully, nor hoarded pelf,
 But lov'd his neighbour equal with himself.
 Hard would he work, and freely would he give,
 And oft' for God's sake did the poor relieve.
 In dealing just, with losses not dismay'd:
 In every kind his tythes he duly paid.
 In a short coat he rode without a sleeve.
 There was beside a Miller, and a Reeve,
 A Sumner, and a Pardon-monger too,
 A Steward, and my self, were all the crew.

The Miller.

THE Miller, hardy as his own mill-stones,
 With brawny flesh, large sinews, and strong
 bones.

His strength to all the town was known too well;
 In wrestling still he bore away the bell.
 Short-shoulder'd, knotty as a stubborn oak,
 Hard to be bent, and harder to be broke,
 Not one, so far as he, could pitch a bar,
 Or lift a weight, or swing it in the air.
 He'd running, force a door with his hard head;
 His beard, like any fox's tail, was red,
 But strait, and even as a gard'ner's spade.
 Just at the end of his huge nose he had
 A large black wart, on that a tuft of hairs
 Red, as the bristles of an old sow's ears:
 His nostrils, like a furnace, black and wide;
 A sword and buckler hanging on his side.
 A babler, with a gormandizing throat;
 As letch'rous as a monkey or a goat.

Corn he could steal, the same corn thrice he toll'd;
 And yet, they say, he had a thumb of gold;
 His coat was white, on bag-pipes he could play,
 And with that musick brought us on our way.

The Manciple.

T Steward of the *Temple* next must come,
 A pattern for all caterers in town:
 The price of every thing each market had,
 He knew, and nicely pick'd the good from bad.
 Sometimes he went on trust, and sometimes paid,
 Yet none could over-reach him in his trade.
 Some wonder much how an unletter'd man,
 Of such low, fordid education, can
 (Who is but one to more than three times ten)
 O'er-reach so many grave, wise, learned men.
 A practis'd lawyer all things understands,
 Th' affairs of half the nation pass their hands.
 We praise unjustly, partially condemn,
 As they cheat others, others cozen them.
 By various methods all professions live,
 By their wise management he learn'd to thrive.

In life's long course such different ways we run,
Some to undo, but most to be undone.

The Reve, or Steward.

THE Reve, a little, slender, chol'rick thing;
His face shav'd close, and not a hair on chin:
His locks above his ears, an inch at least,
And dock'd before, like any begging priest:
His active legs were very long and lean,
Strait as a staff, no calf was to be seen.
No auditor e'er found him in the wrong;
A good accomptant, tho' his bills were long.
Well judg'd he by the drought, and by the rain,
The future product of his seed and grain.
He kept due tale of oxen, sheep and swine,
His Lord's *March Beer*, and his more precious wine;
All rents receiv'd, for all things did engage,
And manag'd since his master came to age.
O'er ev'ry under-bailly he had spies,
Knew all their cunning, all their knaveries.

His

His house lay tight, and kept in good repair,
 Beside a heath, and in a healthy air;
 Close in a corner, couch'd behind a row
 Of spreading trees; the building snug and low.
 The man was warm, with wealth in private stor'd,
 And abler far to purchase than his Lord.
 He knew his honour's humour to a hair,
 When it was fit to ask, or to forbear.
 Whene'er his Lordship wanted a supply,
 He with a busie careful face would fly;
 Run here and there; then bring the luggage home,
 And only help his master to his own.
 He (as those gen'rous Lords are us'd to do)
 Not only thanks him, but rewards him too.
 This steward rode upon a sturdy jade,
 And on his side he wore a rusty blade.
 A wheelwright he had been, in *Norfolk* known,
 In all the villages near *Baldswell* town:
 Tuck'd round his waste, like any Fryer was he,
 And still rode hindmost of the company.

The Sumner, or Apparitor.

THIS Sumner was not over-stock'd with
grace;

He had a bloated, broad, cherubic face;
Of fiery hue; with hollow eyes and narrow;
Red as a cock, and letch'rous as a sparrow.
Black were his eye-brows, bristled was his beard,
And much the children his stern visage fear'd.
His nose with carbuncles was overspread;
His cheeks with white welks on a ground of red.
No inward med'cine he cou'd e'er procure,
Had pow'r sufficient to effect their cure,
Not new-kill'd quick-silver with ceruse too,
Brimstone, nor oil of Tartar, ought cou'd do.
Strong bloody wine he lov'd, and well-dress'd fish,
And stunk of garlick like a *Spanish* dish;
When he was drunk, he'd talk a man to death,
And belch out *Latin* with unsavoury breath.
Two or three common fragments he could say;
No wonder, for he heard it all the day:

But

But if you press'd him farther, you might see
 A sudden end of his philosophy.
 A leud young fellow, for a quart of wine,
 Might for a twelvemonth have his concubine.
 He taught his loose companions in their sport,
 T' evade the censure of th' Arch-deacon's court:
 But if a rich libidinous prize he found,
 Him he enclos'd within his bawdy pound.
 This, as no vulgar secret he would tell,
A large full purse is the Arch-deacon's Hell.
 If rich mens souls within their purses lie,
 'Tis just their souls be punish'd there, say I.
 To him all wenchies in the bishop's fee
 Paid publick tribute, or a private fee.
 Boldly he rode, a garland on his head,
 Of all unmarried men and maids, the dread.

The Pardoner.

A Pardon-monger last brought up the rear,
 With patriarchal face, and holy leer:
 His hair was of the hue of yellow wax,
 Strait and unequal as a stricke of flax.

Yet

Yet long, and thin it grew from his large head;
 And all his brawny shoulders over spread;
 Divided into parcels here and there;
 No gaudy hood conceal'd his golden hair;
 For that, with care, was in his wallet laid,
 Where many curiosities he had.
 Except a little cap, he rode all bare;
 With glaring eyes, like a new-started hare;
 A holy figure stitch'd upon his cap;
 His wallet hung before him on his lap,
 Stuff'd and cram'd full of pardons, newly come,
 For greedy zealots, piping hot from Rome;
 Shrill was his voice, as any mountain goat;
 Aloud he said his orisons by rote;
 A beard he never had, nor e'er will have,
 No barber took the pains that chin to shave;
 He might have been a gelding, or a mare;
 But never sure from *Berwick* ev'n to *Ware*,
 Was Pard'ner furnish'd with such precious geere;
 For in his male he had a pillowbere,
 Which piously was thought our Lady's veil;
 He kept, beside, a gobbet of the fail
 Which *Peter* had (and now this pard'ner hath)
 When Christ rebuk'd him for his little faith.

A cross

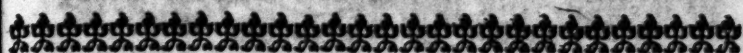
A cross he show'd of tin, set full of stones;
And, in a glass, a number of pigs bones.
With these, more pardons daily he'd dispense,
In one poor village would collect more pence,
(As by record too plainly does appear)
Than a poor parson lab'ring all the Year.
Thus, with feign'd flatteries and holy tools,
He made the parson and the people fools.

Howe'er, to tell the truth just as it stood;
He seem'd in church ecclesiastick good.
A lesson he could read, or tell a story,
And roar the Psalter with no little glory:
But best of all an offertory sung;
So loud, so chearful, that the chapel rung;
This gain'd him pence from the deluded crowd;
Therefore he sung so chearful, and so loud.



A cross he shew'd of sin, for fall of stones;
And, in a glass, a number of pigs bones.
With these, more pardons daily he'd dispense,
In one poor village would collect more pence,
(As by record too plainly does appear)
Than a poor parson lab'ring all the Year.
Thus, with feign'd sanctities and holy looks,
He made the parson and the people fools.
However, to tell the truth just as it stood,
He seem'd in church cockatrice good.
A lesson he could read, or tell a story,
And roar the Psalter with no little glory;
But best of all an offertory sang;
So loud, so chearful, that the chapel rang;
This gain'd him pence from the deluded crowd;
Therefore he sung so chearful, and so loud.

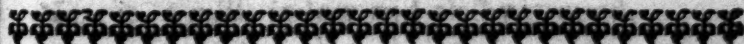




THE
MILLER of *Trompington*:

OR, THE
REVE's TALE

FROM
CHAUCE R.



Where cometh the miller, the miller's tale,
The funny miller, with his powder'd lock,
Proud as a peacock, light as a fox,

THE
MILLER OF TROMPTON:
OR, THE
REVE'S TALE
FROM
CHAUCER.



THE
MILLER of *Trompington*,
OR THE
Reve's TALE from *Chaucer*.

By the Same.

A *T. Trompington*, not far from *Cambridge*
stood,
Across a pleasant stream, a bridge of wood.
Near it, a mill, in low and plashy ground,
Where corn for all the neighb'ring parts was grown'd.
The sturdy miller with his powder'd locks,
Proud as a peacock, subtle as a fox,

Could

Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a net,
Turn drinking cups, and teach young dogs to fet.
Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was every limb,
But few durst venture to contend with him.

A dagger hanging at his belt he had,
Made of an ancient sword's well-temper'd blade.
He wore a *Sheffield* whittle in his hose.
Broad was his face, and very flat his nose.

Bald as an ape behind was this man's crown,
No one could better beat a market down.
But millers will be thieves; he us'd to steal,
Slyly, and artfully, much corn, and meal.

This miller's wife came of a better race,
The parson's daughter of the town she was.
Her portion small, her education high,
She had her breeding in a *nunnery*.

Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)
Should be a maid, well born, and nicely bred.
You'd laugh to see him in his best array,
Strutting before her on a holyday.

If any boldly durst accost his wife,
He drew his dagger, or his *Sheffield* knife.
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous fool;

She manag'd cunningly her stubborn tool.

To all beneath her insolently high,
 Walk'd like a duck, and chatter'd like a pye:
 Proud of her breeding, froward, full of scorn,
 As if she were of noble parents born:
 With other virtues of the same degree,
 All learn'd in that choice school, the nunnery.

Their daughter was just twenty, course and bold:
 A boy too in a cradle, six months old.
 Thick, short, and brawny, this plump damsel was,
 Her nose was flat, her eyes were grey as glass.
 Her haunches broad, with breasts up to her chin,
 Fair was her hair, but tawny was her skin.

A mighty trade this lusty miller drove,
 All for convenience came, not one for love.
 Much grist from Cambridge to his lot did fall,
 And all the corn they us'd at Scholars-hall.
 Their *manciple* fell dangerously ill;
 Bread must be had, their grist went to the mill.
 This *Simkin* moderately stole before,
 Their steward sick, he robb'd 'em ten times more.
 Their bread fell short, the warden storm'd; with skill,
 Examined those who brought it from the mill.
 The miller to a strict account they call,
 He impudently swears he gave 'em all.

Two poor young scholars, hungry, much distress'd,
 (Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)
 Intreat the warden, the next corn he sent,
 To trust it to their prudent management:
 Both would attend him with such care, and art,
 Defie him then to steal the smallest part.

At last the warden grants what they desire,
 All is got ready as these two require.
 Bold men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd;
 One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd:
 Both nothern men, both in one town were born,
 They mount, and lead the horse that bears the corn.
 Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not stray:
 Fear nothing, he replies, I know the Way.
 Thus they jog on, and on the road contrive
 To catch the thief; till at the mill they rive.

Ho *Sim*, says *John*, what ho, the miller there?
 Who calls, cries *Simkin*, tell me who you are?
 How fares your comely daughter and your wife?
 What, *John* and *Allen*? welcome by my life.
 The miller said, what wind has brought you hither?
 That which makes old wives trudge, brought us to-
 gether.

Who

Who keeps no man, must his own servant be,
Our *manciple* is very sick, and we
Are with the corn from our good *warden* come,
To see it grown'd, and bring it safely home :
Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the haste you may.
It shall be done (he says) without delay.
What will you do while I have this in hand ?

Says *John* just at the hopper will I stand,
(In my whole life I never saw grist grown'd,)
And mark the clack, how justly it will sound.

A ha, *chum John* (says *Allen*) will you so ?
Then will I watch how it steals out below.

Sim, at their plot, maliciously did smile ;
None cou'd, they thought, such learned clarks beguile.
He meant to cast a mist before their eye,
(In spite of all their fine philosophy,)

Neither should find where he convey'd the meal ;
The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd steal.

These scholars for their flour, shall have the bran ;
The learned'st clark, is not the wisest man :

Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the head,
Their horse hung fasten'd underneath a shed ;
He slips the bridle o'er his neck ; the steed
Makes to the fenns, where mares and fillies feed.

Unmiss'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his post,
 And *Allen* diligent, no meal was lost :
 Now do me justice friends, he says, you can
 Convince your warden I'm an honest man.
 Now the great work is done, their corn is grown'd,
 The grist is sack'd, and every sack well bound :
John runs to fetch the horse : aloud he cries,
 Come hither *Allen* ; *Allen* to him flies.
 O friend, we are undone — What mean you, *John* ?
 Look, there's the *bridle*, but our *horse* is gone !
 Gone ! whither ? says he — Nay, heav'n knows,
 not I —
 Out bolts *Sim*'s wife, and (with a ready lie)
 She cries, I saw him toss his head and play,
 Then slip the loosen'd reins, and trot away.
 Which way ? they both demand — With wanton
 bounds,
 I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon feenny grounds :
 Wild mares and colts in these low marshes feed.
 Away the scholars run with utmost speed,
 Forget their former cautious husbandry :
 Their sack does at the miller's mercy lie.
 He half a bushel of their flour does take,
 Then bids his wife secure it in a cake.

I'll send these empty boys again to school,
To plod and study who's the greater fool :
Look were the learned blockheads make their way,
Let us be merry, while those children play.
These silly scholars ran from place to place,
Now here, now there, unequal was the chase.
They call him by his name, whistle, and cry
Ho Ball ; but Ball is pleas'd with liberty.
At night into a narrow place they brought him,
Drove him into a ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as cattle in the rain,

Allen, and simple *John*, come back again.

Alas, cries *John*, would I had ne'er been born !

When we return we shall be laught to scorn.

Call'd by the fellows, and our warden, fools :

Our grist is stoln, and we the miller's tools.

Thus *John* complains ; *Allen* without remorse

Goes to the barn, and in he turns the horse.

Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with mire ;

They find the miller sitting at his fire.

We can't return, they say, before 'tis light :

So beg for lodging in your mill to night.

Simkin replies, Welcome with all my heart,

I'll find you out the most convenient part.

My house is straight, but you are learned men ;
 You can by dint of argument maintain,
 That twenty yards a mile in breadth comprise :
 Now shew your art, and make a miller wise.
 You're merry friend ; but wet and clammy earth,
 Hunger and cold, provokes few men to mirth.
 A man complies with necessary things,
 Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
 'Tis meat and drink we earnestly desire ;
 To warm and dry us with a better fire.
 Look, we have coin to pay what you demand ;
 We ne'er catch falcons with an empty hand.

Sim sends his daughter to a neighb'ring house
 For good strong ale, and roasts a well-fed goose.
 Tho' homely was this room, it was not small ;
 They had no other, it must serve them all.
 The daughter makes for these two youths a bed,
 Lays on clean sheets, with blankets fairly spread.
 Twelve foot beyond, in the remotest place,
 There stood another for their daughter *Grace*.
 The supper does with sprightly mirth abound,
 Each has his jest, the nappy ale goes round.
 Nor the squab daughter, nor the wife were nice,
 Each health the youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it twice.

The heady liquor stupifies their care,
But midnight past, they all to rest repair.
The miller yawn'd, his eyes began to close;
The wife got *sim* to bed, he had his dose.
She follow'd him, but she was gay and light,
Her whistle had been wetted too that night;
She plac'd the child in cradle by her side,
To give it suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
The daughter too, when once the ale was gone,
Retir'd to bed; so *Allen* did, and *John*.
Sleep on the most did instantly prevail;
The miller's lusty dose of potent ale
Made him like any stone-horse snort and snore,
The treble was behind, the base before:
The wife's horse-tenor vacant parts did fill,
The daughter bore her part with wondrous skill,
They might be heard a furlong from the mill.

When this melodious consort first began,
Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his friend *John*.
It is impossible to sleep, he says,
I'll up and dance, while this choice musick plays.
He cries, What means my brother?—*Allen* said,
I mean to steal into the daughter's bed.

'Tis said, the man who in one point is griev'd,
Ought in another point to be reliev'd.
Our corn is stoln, and we like fools are caught,
The daughter shall repay the father's fault: —

O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,
'Fore heav'n the miller is a dangerous man!

Should he discover you, I would be loath
The thief should wreak his vengeance on us both:

I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young
Tho' he's well set, my sinews are as strong.

Then up he gets: *now friend good luck* (he said,)
The daughter's trumpet led him to her bed.

Half stupify'd with ale, she sprawling lay:
He softly creeping in, soon hit his way:

Soon put all knotty questions out of doubt,
Stopping her mouth, prevented crying out.

John grumbling lay, while *Allen's* place was void.

Am I then idle, while my friend's employ'd?

He can revenge himself for all his harms,

He has the miller's daughter in his arms,

While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold;

I shall be jeer'd to death when this is told —

They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin:

Faint heart, they say, did ne'er fair lady win.

Then

Then up he rose, and softly groaping round,
He found the cradle standing on the ground,
Close by the miller's bed; this unesp'd
He took, and set it by his own bed-side.
The miller's wife had no more grist to grind,
(Some mills by water move, and some by wind.)
The proper utensil not plac'd at hand,
She rose, by pure necessity constrain'd.
That grand affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
Her husband's bed; no cradle could be found.
Where am I? *Benedicite*, she said!
This is undoubtedly the scholars bed.
Then turning t'other way, her hand did light
Full on the cradle,—Now, she cry'd, I am right.
Lifting the cloaths, into the bed she leap'd,
And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept:
In a short time he takes her in his arms,
And kindly treats her with unusual charms.
She thought (strange fancies working in her mind)
Some *Saint* had made her husband over-kind.
Propitious stars this fortune did bestow
On both, till the third cock began to crow.

Now *Allen* fancied light would soon appear,
He kiss'd the wench, and said, My *Grace*, my dear;

M 5

Thou

Thou kindest of thy sex, the day comes on,
 And we must part.—Alas, will you begone,
 She said, and leave poor harmless me alone? —
 If I stay longer, we are both undone;
 For should your father wake and find me here,
 What will become of me, and you, my dear?
 That dreadful thought (she cries) distracts my heart:
 Too soon you won me, and too soon we part.
 Then clinging round his neck, with weeping eyes,
 She says, Remember me! *Allen* replies,
 I'll quickly find occasion to return;
 You shall not long for *Allen's* absence mourn.
 Farewel she cries! But, dearest, one word more:
 You'll find upon a sack behind the door
 A cake, and under it a bag of meal:
 The flour my father and my self did steal
 Out of your sack; but take it, 'tis your own.
 Be careful, love, — not a word more, begone.

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his bed,
 By chance his hand laid on the cradle-head,
 And shrinking from it, said (with no small fear)
 That rogue the miller, and his wife lie there.
 Turning, he finds *Sim's* Palate, in he crept;
 I'm right, he says, dull *John* all night has slept.
 Then

Then shaking him——Wake fwineherd, *Allen* cries,
 I've joyful news——What? grumbling *Sim* replies.
 I am the luckiest Rogue——by this *no light*,
 I have had full employment all the night.
 The daughter kindly paid her father's score,
 All night I have embrac'd her——O the whore!
 O thou false traytor, clerk! thou hast defild
 Our honest family, deflower'd our child!
 Thy life shall answer it;——with that he caught
 At *Allen's* throat; young *Allen* stoutly fought.
 Both give and take, returning blows with blows;
 But *Allen* stroke the miller on the nose
 With all his force; out flies the streaming gore,
 And down it runs. They tumble on the floor;
 Then up they get, lab'ring with equal strife.
Sim stumbled backward quite across his wife.
 She fast asleep, none of this scuffle heard.
 Wak'd by his fall, and heartily afraid;
 Help holy cross of *Broholme*! (O I faint)
 Help my good angel! help my patron saint!
 The Fiend lies on me like a load of lead;
 Remove this devil, this night-mare; or I'm dead.
 Then up starts *John*, and turns 'em from the wife,
 Hunts for a cudgel to conclude the strife.

Up gets the miller, *Allen* grasps him close,
 Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose.
 Out steps the wife, well knowing where there stood,
 In a by-corner, a tough piece of wood;
 On this she seis'd, and by a glimm'ring light
 Which enter'd at a chink saw something white.
 But, by a foul mistake, 'twas her ill hap
 To take his bald pate for the scholar's cap.
 She lifts the staff, it fell on his bare crown,
 Strong was the blow, she knock'd her husband down.
 O I am slain, the miller loudly cry'd.
 Live to be hang'd, thou thief, *Allen* reply'd.
 Away they go, first take their meal and cake,
 Then lay the grist upon their horse's back.
 To *Scholar's-hall* they march, for now 'twas light,
 Pleas'd with the strange adventures of the night.
 The wife the scholars curses, binds his head,
 Then lift him up, and lays him on the bed.
 O wife, says *Sim*, our daughter is defil'd,
 That villain *Allen* has debauch'd our child.
 Mistaken me for *John*, he told me all;
 Ten thousand furies plague that *Scholar's-hall*!
 O false abusive knave! (the wife reply'd)
 In ev'ry word the villain spake he ly'd.
 I wak'd

I wak'd, and heard our harmless child complain ;
 And rose, to know the cause, and ease her pain.
 I found her torn with gripes, a dram I brought,
 And made her take a comfortable draught.
 Then lay down by her, chaff'd her swelling breast,
 And lull'd her in these very arms to rest.
 All was contrivance, malice all and spight,
 I have not parted from her all this night.

Then is she innocent? Ay by my life,
 As pure and spotless—as thy bosom wife.

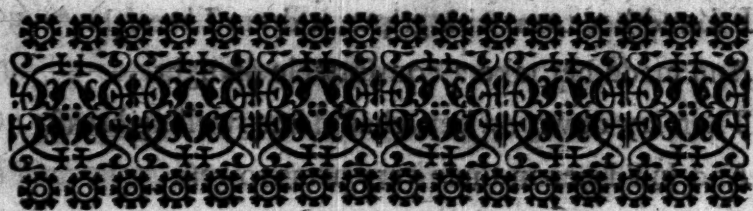
I'm satisfy'd, says Sim. O that damn'd Hall !

I'll do the best I can to starve 'em all.

And thus the miller of his fear is eas'd,

The mother and the daughter both well pleas'd.





Charlettus Percivallo suo.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,

Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,

Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis

Illinam ? Cuinam vigil ante noctem

Sole depulsam redeunte scriptor

Mitto salutem ?

Tu meis chartis, bone Percivalle,

Unicè dignus ; tibi pectus implet

Non minor nostro novitatis ardor ;

Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit



Percivallus Charletto suo.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes,
 Quum sacras primùm subit aut relinquit

- Idis arces ;

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
 Læva, quum cantu propiore strident
 Miffiles, & jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas;

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis

Vinculis vidi benè litterati

Nomen amici.

Obvius

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modò te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune stetit.

Saucius num vivit adhuc caballus

Anne? Ierneis potiora gazis.

An, tuâ vitâ tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?

Cui meam laudas generositatem?

Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,

Manè salutas?

Scribe securus, quid agit senatus,

Quid caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,

Quid *Comes Guilford*, quid habent novorum

Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis

Jenny jam visit, lacrymansque narrat,

Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum

Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)

Hospitem notæ periisse *Mistra*;

Narrat immerfam prope limen urbis

Flumine cymbam.

Narrat

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
 Rettulit, fensi pavidus tremensque ;
 Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
 Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
 Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
 Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
 Te duce colum.

Flebilis legi miserranda docti
 Fata pictoris, sed & hęc iniqua
 Damna consolor, superest preëmpto
 Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen mitram mulier labantem
 Fulciat ? munus vetulæ parentis,
 Anna præstabit, nisi fors' Ierni
 Hospita cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere
 Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti
 Plaudo Sherwino, pueroque Davo
 Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post Hinton, comitum tuorum
 Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
 Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
 Nec vetat Uxor.

Hæc

Narrat—at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
 Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocatur me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliud requirunt

Mille tabella



Hæc ego lusi properante musâ,

Lesbia vatis numeros secutus ;

Si novi quid sit, melius docebit

Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

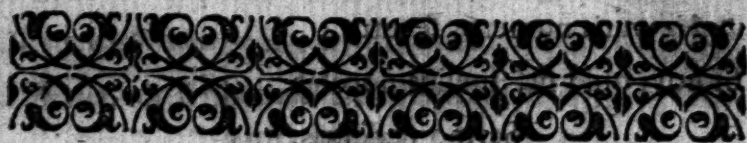
Cœnitant mecum comites Ierna,

Multa qui de te memorant culillos

Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,

Crus tibi mittunt.





ON THE
MARRIAGE
OF AN
Old MAID.

By R. F.

CHLOE a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty five.

Thus weather-cocks, who for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

EPITAPH



EPITAPH on the MONUMENT
of the Marquis of *Winchester*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HE who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the Cause for which he fought before,
Rests here rewarded by an heavenly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray (reader) that such times no more appear,
Or if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of thy ages faith and loyalty,
Which (to preserve them) heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well cou'd serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare; but mighty patterns giv'n
To Earth, were meant for Ornaments to heav'n.

EPITAPH



EPITAPH on Mrs. *Margaret*
Paston of Barningham in Nor-
folk.

By the same.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet ;
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 Require at least an age, in one to meet.
 In her they met ; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to fix without alloy :
 Heav'n's image was in her so well express'd,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest.
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this ;
 Now *she* is gone, the world is of a piece.

F I N I S.



EPITAPH